

Believe It

By Chance Alcoser

Baseball

Be inspired

Believe it

A homerun at the crack of a bat

The bat pumping on your shoulder stronger than your heart pumping in your
chest

Rewarded when the ground ball slaps your mitt

The bat as soft as silk and as hard as a rock

You swing at the perfect pitch drifting slowly down the middle in the inside
pocket

With tense fear in your eyes

The swing

The cobra striking like the ball falling into your mitt

You're the fire and the ball is the ice

The silp'in slide on the field

Your meeting of the bat and the ball

The hunger

The ball feeding the animals on the field

Your feet burning like flames

The catch

Weightless-weight sinking into your mitt

The passion

The game consumes your soul

The sorrow of loss and the joy of victory

You dash to the plummeting ball and dive to make the catch

Yes

Baseball

Be inspired

Believe it

Fury

Anger.
The rage.
Unleash it.

The volcanic eruption.
The heart- racing -rush.
The feeling of madness enclosing your body.

The attack.

The unstoppable outcome,
Like a raging storm.
Your head is clouded.
No thought of the after,
Only the present.

The hunt for victory.
The lust for success.
The demanding need to see things your own way.

The domination.

The feeling of pure wrath rising inside you,
Like an unleashed tsunami wave.
You have no input on your actions.
Your mind possessed by your no-heart heart.

The hunt.

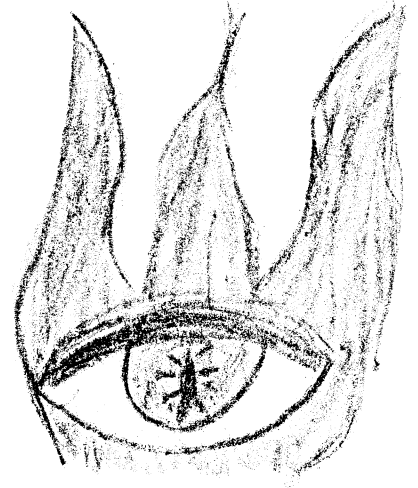
The know what's-going-on-sense has abandoned you.
You recklessly whip out everything you know to defeat your obstacles.

What will happen?
Will your selfishness be your downfall?
It doesn't matter.
The only thing important to you is winning.

The mistakes.

Your control is lost.
Your raging reign of hate has snapped.
You can't go back.
Only forward.

Anger.
The rage.
Unleash it.



By Anne Charles

12/11/07

Living in the Wild

Forest.

The Wild.

The quiet conflict.

An abandoned cheetah cub.

Laying dejected in the mud like a flower drooping to the ground.

Its fur matted.

A hyena pouncing.

The feast.

The vultures sweeping.

The anxiety.

A mother bear.

Sniffing the air for a runaway cub.

Following tracks left behind that human senses can't detect,

Like a ripe grape that hangs right out of our reach.

The toil.

A carpenter ant exhausted,

Unearthing yet another huge pile of seeds.

The tree cuddling a bird with a broken wing.

A sound.

A cry in the darkness.

The no silence- silence,

When they realize a brother tree no longer casts a shadow.

A dance.

The orb brightening up the pitch-black night.

The Hip-Hippity-Hop of a rabbit doing its jig.

The scamper.

A wolf stalking the rabbit through the under-brush.

He howls to the moon signaling to his pack,

When he can no longer smell his prey.....

Forest.

The Wild.

The quiet conflict.

Chicks Who Listen to Hip-hop

Selena Hernandez

Chicks who listen to Hip-hop
Meet at 12:00 noon at Mc Donald's,
And have Big-Macs and 12 ounce soda

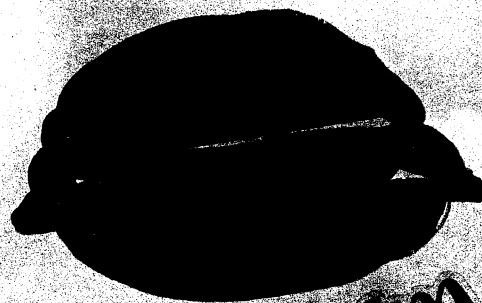
Chicks who listen to Hip-hop
Talk about T-pain and Chris Brown
And "Kiss, Kiss"

Chicks who listen to Hip-hop
Locate their earphones and listen to there i-pods day and night,
and watch music videos like "Crank That"

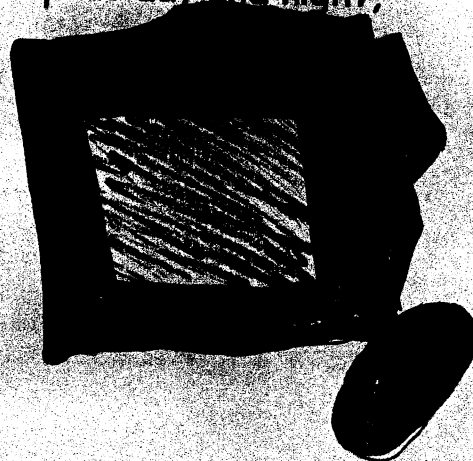
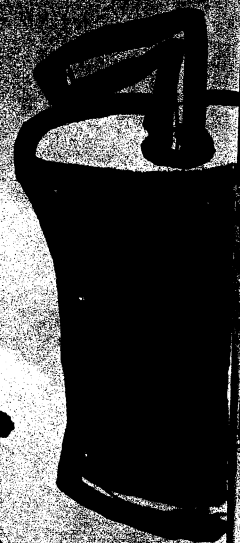
Chicks who listen to Hip-hop
Imitate Chris Brown,
*"I don't need money, I don't need cars,
'Cause girl you're my heart!"*

Chicks who listen to Hip-hop
Hop in their Red Hummers
And speed to Circuit City to buy the newest
C-D, "Now That's What I Call Music 26."

Chicks who listen to Hip-hop
Meet at 12:00 noon at Mc Donald's,
And have Big-Macs and 12 ounce soda



yum



Here's to the brave ones

By Dylan Doyle

The soldiers.

The cops.

The S.W.A.T. teams.

The ones who keep us safe.

They are not gun-shy.

And they will take a bullet in order to protect us.

These people are the reason we have 4th of July

We don't give them enough credit ~~as~~ ^{the} they deserve.

You can love them or loath them but, but they are still here.

They lock.

They load.

They duck.

They cover.

They sacrifice for America.

Sometimes they have to be emotionless.

How else can you be in the back of a plane getting ready to jump to your likely death?

Or break into a house and see your seven people out numbered?

We are proud to have these people.

Because they are why we are here.



~Here's To The Stallions~

Jodie Ciri

Here's To The Stallions.

The rough

The powerful

The large

The thin

The black and the gray.

The ones who trot unique.

The round pegs in a square hole.

They fear things.

Do people have respect for the beauty and the power of this creature?

About the only thing you can do is cherish them.

Because they change things.

They gallop, they run, they trot, they jump,

They push the race forward.

Maybe they have to have a mind of their own.

How else can you stare at a horse and see the true beauty?

Or sit in silence and hear the howling of a wolf?

We care for these things.

While some people see them as Horses we see them as geniuses.